C-221-5-1

Northern Messenger

F.W. Bronscombe 1st 30th 08

VOLUME XLII. No. 36 MONTREAL, AUGUST 30, 1907. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Luther in His Home.

The picture represents Martin Luther, the great German Reformer, in his house. On his left sits his wife, with a child on her lap; behind him, at the table, is Melancthon, the mildest and most amiable of the Reformers; and before him are some choristers, who have come, as is their wont, to sing hymns, which Luther accompanies on the guitar. It is well known how Luther loved music. 'He who despises music, he wrote, 'with him I am not content; for music is a gift from God, not a gift from man. It drives away the devil and makes people cheerful. After theology, I give to music the next place and the highest honor.' In summer, Luther and his family spent their evenings in the garden; in winter, in his warm, comfortable room. The Christmas festival, with the brightly lighted and gaily decorated Christmas-tree standing in the middle of the room, was always observed in the Reformer's family as the happiest evening in the whole year. That Luther loved children, and could well enter into their feelings, the following letter, which he wrote from Coburg to his little son Hans, fully proves:—

'Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

'I know a pretty, merry garden, wherein are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, and plums; they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children they were; and he said, "They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good." Then said I, "Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is little Hans Luther: may he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?" Then the man said, "If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden; and Lippus and Jost, too, his playfellows; and when they all come together they shall have flutes, and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music; and they shall dance and shoot with little cross-bows." And the man showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing; there hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet entered; therefore I could not wait the dance. I said to the man, "Ah! dear sir, I will immediately go and write this to my little son Hans, and tell him to pray diligently and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden.' Then the man said, "It shall be so; go and write him so."

'Therefore, my dear little son Hans, learn and pray with confidence; and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray, and then you shall come to the garden together.'

'Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Leuce, and give her a kiss for my sake. Thy dear father,

'MARTIN LUTHER.'

LUTHER IN HIS HOME.

The Chinese Baby.

'How is your baby getting on?' 'Puh tsai liao' (which means 'no more,' a common Chinese expression for the word 'death'). 'What!' was exclaimed, 'your baby dead?' 'Yes,' she answered; 'there was no one to take care of the child, so it was the best thing to do.' 'You don't mean to say you killed your baby?' we asked. 'Yes,' was the answer, with her eyes on the ground. 'How did you kill your baby?' The answer was that she had just put it in a bucket of water.

We felt like fainting away, and could not speak to her for a few minutes. There we stood face to face with a murderer of her own child, with no seeming shame or condemnation over what she had done. We felt inexpressibly sad, as she is a woman who has heard a good deal of the truth. So we asked

her to tell us openly the reason for painting her hands with the blood of her own baby. Her argument is that of thousands of unhappy mothers in China—(it must be understood that this refers only to the heathen). When a girl is born, the husband is displeased, and thus this girl, who ought to be the centre of home happiness and joy, is an object of dislike and derision. When the girl is three or four years old the poor mother must begin to bind the child's feet. This is a most painful process; but the feet must be very small, or there is danger that they will not get the girl married to well-to-do people. Then comes the time for her marriage. If they are not well off, nearly all they have will go with the girl for her outfit when she leaves her father's home to go and spend her lifetime with an individual whom she has never seen before the day she is married. Then, in very many cases, begins a most unhappy and cruel life, which generally ends in the wife shortening her life with opium poison.

Thus, from the very commencement of a Chinese girl's life is the danger of being an object of unhappiness and pain to the last moment of life. This is the way a poor mother argues at the birth of a girl. It is really awful to think of how many dear little baby girls 'not wanted' are murdered in this land.—'Woman's Work in Wuchang.'

God's Burdens

I long had borne a heavy load
Along life's rough and thorny road,
And often-times had wondered why
My friend walked burdenless, while I
Was forced to carry, day by day,
The cross which on my shoulders lay:
When, lo, one day the Master laid
Another cross on me. Dismayed,
And faint, and trembling, and distressed,
I cried, 'Oh! I have longed for rest
These many days. I cannot bear
This other heavy load of care,
I pray Thee, Lord, behold this one—
Shall I bear both while he has none?'
No answer came. The cross was laid
On my poor back, and I was weighed
Down to the earth. And as I went
Toiling along and almost spent,
Again I cried, 'Lord have I been
Untrue to Thee? Is it for sin
That I have done, that I must still
Carry this cross against my will?'
'My child,' the Master's voice returned,
'Hast thou not yet the lesson learned?
The burden thou hast borne so long
Hath only made thee grow more strong.
And fitted thee to bear for Me
This other load I lay on thee.
Thy brother is too weak as yet
To have a cross upon him set.
God's burdens rest upon the strong,
They stronger grow who bear them long
And each new burden is a sign
That greater power to bear is thine.'
So now no longer I repine,
Because a heavy cross is mine,
But struggle onward with the prayer,
'Make me more worthy, Lord, to bear.'

—Mrs. B. M. Bailey.

Personal Appearance of Christ

What was the personal appearance of Christ on this earth? James Ramsey, of Glasgow, asks the 'Sunday Companion' to quote the accompanying extract from a book by General Hoggan, of Joppa, which bears on this point. The general says: 'It being the usual custom of Roman governors to advise the Senate of such material things as happened in their provinces, Publius Lentulus, at that time President of Judea, wrote the following epistle to the Senate concerning our Saviour: 'There appears in these our days a man of great virtue, named "Jesus Christ", who is yet living amongst us, and the people has accepted him as a prophet. But his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear. His hair the color of a chestnut full ripe, and plain to the ears, but thence downwards it is most orient, curling, and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead very plain and delicate. His face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful, with a lovely head. His nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended. His beard thickish, in the color like the hairs of his head, not very long, but forked. His look innocent and mature, and his grey eyes clear and quick. In reproving he is terrible. In admonishing courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent, his hands and arms delicate to behold. In speaking very temperate. He is modest and wise. A man for singular beauty surpassing the children of men."'

Religious Notes.

Twenty-five years ago Dwight L. Moody established in East Northfield, Mass., an annual conference of Christian workers. As the years went on, the necessity of meetings for other and special purposes was seen, and so year by year separate gatherings were planned for, until the coming summer will witness the convening of six different conventions. The growth has been due not alone to religious energy, but also to the natural beauty of Northfield, which has attracted many who have afterwards become warm supporters of the meetings. Northfield is situated on the terrace slopes above the Connecticut River, and overlooks a far-stretching vista of fair valley to the north and south, through the broad meadows of which the river winds in many a graceful curve. Behind the town rise the tree clad spurs of the White mountain foot hills, in front, across the river to the west, hazy blue ranges mark the beginning of the Green mountains. The town itself, with its arching elms, wide lawns and colonial homes, is of no little beauty and interest.

The beginning ofq the summer Bible courses at the Mt. Hermon school, on May 7, marked the real opening of the conference season, and the announcements record the commencement exercises of the Northfield Seminary as the second event. The first meeting to convene, however, is the Student Conference, June 28 to July 7, at which delegates, whose numbers have grown to almost a thousand, are present from all the larger colleges and preparatory schools of the East. Many Y. M. C. A. men are also in attendance. The object of the session is to quicken the spiritual life of the students, 'to keep the world of learning in harmony with the world of religion.' To this end meetings are held morning and evening. Bible classes, delegation, round top, and platform meetings, led by such men as the Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D., of London; Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. John R. Mott, the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., and as many more. The afternoons are spent on the ball-field, the tennis courts, the river, or in pursuit of one of the other many forms of recreation, which the mountain, field, and river afford.

With a like object in view, is the Young Women's Conference, July 9 to 19. The girls, too, find much pleasure in the outdoor pastimes and lawn parties. Between this gathering and the August Conference, occurs two summer schools, one for Sunday School workers, July 20-27, the other for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies, July 23-30.

While July is thus the young people's month, August by no means lacks in interest, for the General Conference of Christian Workers calls together many people, young and old, from many walks of life. The speakers this year are especially strong. Among them we find the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, the old favorite, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D., whose work in London in the interest of the poor and uneducated has won him much veneration; the Rev. W. R. Lane, a noted English evangelist; the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, whose Bible class exerts a great influence in London; Prof. James Orr, of Scotland; the Rev. C. A. R. Janvier, and the southern evangelist, Len G. Broughton. Such a corps should certainly invigorate the life of God's children.

A quieter period follows. Until the middle of September daily lectures are given at the Congregational Church of East Northfield, and then continued at the Northfield Schools—'the Moody schools,'—until about Nov. 1. These Post Conference addresses, with fewer meetings and smaller audiences, offer an opportunity for further Bible study and ample leisure for recreation at a most beautiful time of the year.

Despite the fact that thousands come by rail alone, accommodations are found suited to every taste. In camp, in home, and in hotel, the mighty Christian army is happily sheltered. Those who have been at Northfield before need no urging; those who go for the first time will experience an atmosphere of sincere, practical Christianity, that will call them back again, year after year.

AN INFIDEL'S CHILD-ARMY.

A public Salvation Army demonstration was taking place in a North country town, says the 'Christian Herald.' The officer of the corps, desiring to improve the occasion, had his junior corps parade the streets, singing salvation songs. But a well-known infidel in the same town conceived the idea of imitating the Army, so he gathered a number of children from the lowest parts of the town, and in the presence of an amused crowd asked them to sing a popular song. To his surprise, he found they did not know it sufficiently well, so he told them to sing the song they knew the best. Immediately a young urchin piped out the first words of an Army song, viz., 'When the stars from the elements are falling.' It caught on like wildfire, and was sung with delight by the youngsters. The song must have had a message for the brother of the man concerned, who was also an infidel, for he went to an Army meeting soon afterwards and surrendered himself to God.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained. Know'st thou when fate
Thy measure takes? or when she'll say to thee,
'I find thee worthy. Do this deed for me.'

—J. R. Lowell.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launchs Mrs. D. F. McLennan, Lummestown Station, $1.00; Edward Willis, Oshawa, $1.00; A Friend, Sask., $1.00; A. L. Riggins, St. Catharines, $5.00; A Friend, Montreal, $2.00; Florence Cleland, Eas Clover Bae, Alta., 10c.; Total, ... $ 10.10

Previously acknowledged for the launch	$529.74
Previously acknowledged for the cots	109.98
Previously acknowledged for the komatik	86.85
Total received up to August 12 ..	$739.67

The contribution from A Friend, Sask., was sent for the Chinese Famine Fund, but as this has been closed now for some time we have applied the amount to the work in Labrador. Dr. Grenfell's work is often to feed the hungry, and we feel sure this friend will be satisfied with this arrangement.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

All contributions in the way of clothing, etc., must be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1907.

The Brazen Serpent

Num. xxi., 1-9. Memory verse, 9. Read Numbers xx., xxi.

Golden Text.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. John iii., 14 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 2.—Num. xx., 14-20.
Tuesday, September 3.—Num. xxi., 1-16.
Wednesday, September 4.—Num. xxi., 17-25.
Thursday, September 5.—II. Kings xviii., 1-16.
Friday, Sepember 6.—John iii., 1-21.
Saturday, September 7.—John viii., 12-30.
Sunday, September 8.—John xii., 23-36.

FOR THE JUNIORS.

Did you ever stand on a very high place and have some one say to you, 'Now, don't look down'? You know when we do get up to a great height like that we are apt to get dizzy and forget what a firm, safe place we are standing on by looking down and seeing what an awful distance it would be to fall. You all remember what a great many wonderful things God had done for the Israelites, and how he had brought them safetly to the promised land. They did not go in, however, because when they got there they forgot to look up to God, and began to look around at all the dangers there were. That was in last Sunday's lesson, and to-day's lesson, although there are thirty-eight years between, finds the people doing just the very same thing. They had been all these years wandering around somewhere near the place where they had stopped in last Sunday's lesson, and at last God said it was time for them to go on again. It is true there were a great many dangers; there were fierce tribes to pass, great mountains to cross over or go around, sandy deserts to walk over, and many hot dry days to suffer. But God had taken care of them all this time, and they should have trusted him still.

The story itself is short and easy to tell. The golden text ought to make the application rather easy. It is true that with young children it is hard to awaken a real sense of sin, but the love of the Saviour is always very real to them, and they are easily attracted to him through this love.

FOR THE SENIORS.

A short account of the more important events occurring between this and last Sunday's lesson, Korah's rebellion, the budding of Aaron's rod, the death of Miriam, and the sin of Moses at Meribah, would lead naturally into the events of to-day's lesson. The people had been wandering about here and there considering Kadesh Barnea, a sort of centre now for some thirty-eight years. Nearly all of those men who had arrived here at the first had now paid the penalty of their sin; Aaron himself had but lately died; Moses had reached the great age of 119 years, and the military command had already fallen to Joshua. The word came from God for the forward march. There were two ways to enter Canaan, but Edom refused their request to cross his country, and the Canaanite king of Arad, as the revised version more properly gives it, had shown instant hostility at the very supposition that they wished to travel in his direction. They were forced to skirt the kingdom of Edom, and in so doing came to the dry and dreary region which again awoke their complainings. Moses was directed by the Lord, however to furnish a way out of their sufferings at the first sign of repentance on the part of the people. The application of the lesson is left in no doubt by the choice of the golden text.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up.' The uplifting, the healing, are symbolic. The serpent-image fades out of sight. Christ is seen giving Himself in generous love, showing us the way of life when He dies, the Just for the unjust. He is the power of God unto salvation. Israel's past and the grace of God to the stricken tribes are connected by our Lord's words with the redemption provided through His own sacrifice. The divine Healer is there and here; but here in spiritual life, in quickening grace, not in an empirical symbol. Christ on the cross is no mere sign of a higher energy; the very energy is with Him, most potent when He dies.—Robert A. Watson.

Repentance and Faith. Repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ are each an act; as much so as repentance for a wrong done to an earthly friend and trust in his forgiveness. What is repentance? To cease to do evil and to begin to do well; to cease to live to ourselves and to begin to live to God. And what is faith? It is an act of confidence by which we commit ourselves to Another to be saved by Him.—George Park Fisher.

Faith, Genuine, though Feeble. If God made no response except to perfect faith, who could hope for help? But God has regard for beginnings, and His eye perceives greatness in the germ. The hand of the woman in the crowd trembled as it was stretched toward Jesus, and the faith back of it was surreptitiously reverent, trusting in the virtue of the robe, rather than in the One who wore it; yet the genuineness of that faith, feeble though it was, triumphed in God's loving sight. Real trust is real power, though the heart and hand both tremble.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

'Just as the sun photographs itself on the sensitive plate exposed to its light, so Christ is formed in the soul that keeps looking unto Him in love, obedience, and imitation.—D. Sutherland.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Fiery serpents. 'Hebrews, "the serpents, seraphim" (the burning ones).'—Elliott. See Deut. vii., 15; Isa. xiv., 29; xxx., 6. (1) They may have been called 'fiery' because of bright red coloring upon their heads, the glistening of the sun on their scales, and the fiery appearance of their eyes. 'To this day a mottled snake, with fiery red spots upon its head, abounds at certain seasons in the Arabah.' (2) Or more probably the 'fiery' refers to the burning, stinging sensation caused by their bites and the accompanying inflammation. 'So inflammable is its bite that it is likened to fire coming through the veins; so intense its venom, and so rapid its action, that the bite is fatal in a few hours. The body swells with a fiery eruption; the tongue is consumed with thirst; and the poor wretch writhes in agony till death brings relief.'—'Biblical Illustrator.'

Tristram enumerates thirty-three species of serpents in Palestine. The desert regions abound with them. No one kind may be designated as attacking the Israelites, but any or all of the poisonous kinds, especially two: the cobra, one of the 'most common and fiercest of poison-bearing snakes, seldom running from an adversary. Its length is about five or six feet.'—J. G. Wood. 'In India it is estimated that several thousand people annually die from the bite of the cobra.'—'Packard's Zoology.' The other is the horned cerastes, which is 'the only species which habitually darts without provocation on the passer-by.'

It is exceptionally poisonous, says the 'Biblical Encyclopedia'; 'it frequents the sandy deserts of South Palestine, and hides in the sand or in the hollow caused by a horse's or camel's foot (Gen. xlix., 17). It is an object of great terror to horses, and is thought by some to be the asp of Cleopatra.'

The Fiery Serpents of Sin. No better emblem of the results of sin could have been given to the Israelites, or to us. 'The true, peculiar, pernicious, fiery serpents were their murmuring disposition and complaints against Jehovah.'—Lange. Sin is like a fiery serpent, often beautiful in appearance, and secret in its approach. But the effects are pains that only fire can express. It infects the whole system. It inflames every evil passion. It is incurable by man alone. If permitted to go on, it is death. The world is full to-day of the sorrows, the burning remorse, the agonies of the body and of the spirit which come from the fiery serpents of sin. Compare the old serpent, the devil, the tempter, and destroyer of men.

Deut. xxiii., 21; Heb. xii., 1, 2; John xii., 32; Isa. xlv., 22; Rom. iii., 23; vi., 23.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 8.—Topic—God's omnipresence. Ps. cxxxix., 1-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TRIED AND TRUE.

Monday, Sept. 2.—The golden image. Dan. iii., 1-3.
Tuesday, Sept. 3.—The king's command. Dan. iii., 4-7.
Wednesday, Sept. 4.—The men who disobeyed. Dan. iii., 8-12.
Thursday, Sept. 5.—God's care for His own. Dan. iii., 19-29.
Friday, Sept. 6.—The angel of the Lord. Ps. xxxiv., 5-8.
Saturday, Sept. 7.—The Lord gives strength. Ps. xxxi., 1-4.
Sunday, Sept. 8.—Topic—Lessons from the fiery furnace. Dan. iii., 13-18.

A Suggested Outline Programme for a Teachers' Meeting.

1. Prayer and praise. (Five minutes.)

2. Reports. (Ten minutes.) 1. By the Superintendent: 'What I have done this week to help the school.' 2. By the secretary: The same. 3. By the teachers. (1) What I have done to help myself. (2) What I have done to help my whole class? (3) What I have done to help my scholar.

3. Discussion. (Ten minutes.) 1. Our school's greatest need. 2. How best to meet it. (This resolves the teachers' meeting into a regular 'school board,' to plan the work of the school, and to work the plan.)

4. The lesson. (Thirty-five minutes). Not so much what it teaches, as how to teach its teachings. 1. Lesson text read over by some one person. 2. Lesson story told by some one person who shall state facts, persons, etc., in own language. 3. Ask anybody and everybody what was added, or omitted, by the person who told the story, in his or her own language. 4. Fix dates, persons and places mentioned. 5. What one thought in the lesson will most help the converted members of my class. 6. What one thought will most likely touch the unconverted members of my class? 7. Good stories for illustrations that will help impress these important truths. 8. Closing prayer for help and blessing on the teaching of this lesson.—Texas 'Star.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

'Now, look for a moment at this haggard father, whose cheeks are blistered with a ceaseless rain of tears. The foul spirit did that, too, and if you and I could go to that home from whence the lad had come, we should see a home blasted by that one master sorrow. I'll match it and surpass it in a thousand English homes to-night, ay, and in not a few in Netherborough. "Have compassion on us." Us, do you hear. When the devil struck the lad, he struck the father a heavier blow! Said a mother to me when I asked to see her husband, all ignorant of what had fallen on them, "He's ill in bed, and so is Hannah, and I'm as ill as they. O sir, our boy, our boy!" and she burst into a passion of tears. "Our boy," as she called him, was in gaol on a charge of manslaughter, committed in a drunken brawl. True, "he dasheth him down," and dasheth down innocent others in agony and shame.'

Norwood Hayes felt that he answered to all of Mr. Hallowes' description, save and except that he was himself not innocent. The preacher continued:

'"Come out of him," said Jesus, "enter no more into him," and out he came. There was no moderate treatment of the foul spirit here, though the command meant a mighty tussle for the boy. He did not say, "Come partially out; nor yet, "Take up less room;" nor yet "Restrain yourself a little." He said, "Come out." He didn't say, "Come back occasionally," "Visit him on birthdays and social reunions, and public festivals." No, He said, "Enter no more into him." That was a teetotal deliverance, and when you have foul spirits to deal with, that is the only prescription that meets the case.

'I have spoken of the attitude of the Christian Church upon this subject. It will bear further study. Here in England the Church stands in the presence of this Demon Drink, and philanthropy, policy, patriotism, and humanity, ay, and the very victims themselves, cry aloud to Christianity to "Cast him out." We declare ourselves the representatives of Jesus. Indeed we are a good deal jealous of any rivals in the field, and yet the cry comes to us and we are forced to own our inability. We cannot cast him out. Why?

'"This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Here is the reason. Our prayer is a myth. Forms of words are not prayer whether formal or extempore. Prayer is labor, and how many of us labor to cast him out? Fasting is denying, fasting is self-sacrifice, fasting means giving up for Christ, and the giving up for others. Alcohol beats the churches, because the churches are in league with alcohol, and till we expel him from the land he curses and defiles, we cannot cast him out.'

Then followed an impassioned personal appeal. To those that were strong for the sake of others, to those that were weak, for their own. 'Some, I am sure, within these four walls are in danger, more firmly in the drink fiend's grasp than even you know. May not my voice to-night be as a message from Christ Himself to save you from a downfall such as appals the very thoughts?' He finished with an appeal to the young, and then stepping to the Communion-table, he laid his private pledge-book on it.

'Who is on the Lord's side?' said he. 'Let him here and now enroll himself a soldier of the Christ—the enemy of the devil, and that grimmest of devils, strong drink.'

A moment's pause, and then Norwood Hayes stepped forward, signed his name with a strong, firm hand, and turning to the congregation, he said with broken voice and bowed head:

'I have been wrong. May God forgive me.'

Dear old Aaron was bound to say, 'Praise the Lord!' and even Netherborough nonconformity was, for that occasion, only, too much wrought up to be shocked.

Norwood Hayes was instantly followed by his son-in-law, Walter Bardsley. Mr. Hayes had taken his seat again. He looked on for a moment in strong surprise, and then bowing his head in his hands, he prayed for the young man to whom he had given his well-loved daughter. Prayed that he might be saved from the fate that had overtaken Cuthbert, and through his doing.

'Father, help me,' said Walter, as he touched him and passed on. And every word went like a dagger to his father's heart.

Full fifty pledges were taken at the table, and so ended the day in which fair temperance first found her place in that sanctuary of God.

As a natural result of this splendid Temperance revival, a unanimous call was given to Edwin Hallowes to the pastorate of Netherborough Congregational Church. The young Temperance evangelist had learnt something of the state of Netherborough, and felt that there was a big work to be done; therefore, though he had not up to then taken the idea of a settled pastorate into consideration, he felt that the call was the ordering of God's providence, and under the circumstances he decided to accept it, much to the delight of Jennie Bardsley, old Aaron Brigham, and Walter.

CHAPTER XLI.

Edwin Hallowes made it a 'sine qua non' of his acceptance of the pastorate, however, that he should have an absolutely 'free hand' in Temperance matters, and this, though it was objected to by one or two, on the grounds that his 'rabid' Temperance opinions might offend some of the members, was eventually conceded.

The first use Edwin Hallowes made of his powers was to abolish fermented wine, once and for ever, from the Lord's table, substituting in its place the pure, unfermented juice of the grape, which there is no question was the beverage in which the first communion was celebrated. Norwood Hayes made no objection whatever to the change. The soul-sickening object lesson which poor Tom Smart had given him, had altogether indisposed him for such a course of proceeding. But in spite of Tom Smart's sad fall, there were one or two who covertly resented the change. One in particular thought that the unfermented grape-juice was by no means so palatable as the wine. When the new pastor heard of this he was naturally, somewhat disgusted that any so-called Christian should balance a question of taste against the possible loss of a human soul. The next time he met this member, he attacked him straightforwardly about the matter, and though not given to that keen-edged weapon, sarcasm, he felt that the occasion justified it.

'Sir,' said he, 'if the sacrament of dying love be to you but a question of palate, would it not be advisable to substitute cake for the piece of dry bread? It would doubtless be far pleasanter!' To which there was no answer.

His next step was to re-organize the Band of Hope, for he well knew the immense power of habit, power for good if the habit be good, power for evil if it be evil. 'As the twig is bent the tree is inclined,' and when solid wood is formed no power in nature can bent it straight. So with man, no power can straighten a twisted character, though, thank God, if we are but willing, Grace can and does work the moral miracle.

But, to my thinking, Edwin Hallowes set a fashion in Bands of Hope which it would have been well had we followed it to this very day. He included all ages in it. By this means he bridged the gap between youth and manhood, that fatal gap, in which the churches of to-day lose so many of their best and brightest. In this he was greatly aided by the move old Aaron Brigham had already made in this direction, and his new converts were straightway marshalled into the fighting regiment. No difficulty was found in making these different sections coalesce, for the instruction given to the children was equally serviceable to the grown-up folks, and, indeed, was all the more appreciated in that simple, straightforward language used made everything plain and easily understood. As for the entertainments, these were grand successes, for the youngsters enjoyed them much, all the more that they themselves took part in them, and the oldsters were delighted to see the young ones pleased.

Besides this the new pastor went in for aggressive temperance work, finances to the contrary notwithstanding, and with such good effect that within two years five of the public-houses in Netherborough were driven to close their doors. Unfortunately, though the devil was hard hit, there was still a heavy harvest for him to reap, the outcome of the long and busy sowing season previous.

It must not be thought, either, that this revolution took place unhindered. 'The trade' and its supporters, beer-befuddled and otherwise, took good care of that.

By no means the least in this anti-temperance movement were the Vicar and Dr. Medway. Thank God the drunken clergyman is now a thing of the past; would that I could say the same of the non-abstaining parson, and the drunken medico is a 'rara avis.'

Singular to relate, Edwin Hallowes' right hand man in all the work he undertook was a woman—Jennie Bardsley, of course. Kitty Smart was now living with her. After her father's death, it had been arranged between her and Norwood Hayes that the little mother and 'the chilther' should be saved from the unjust and unlawful ignominy of the workhouse. It had seemed to both of them that they, as members of the Church, were, in great measure, responsible for the children's double orphanhood, and so it was decided, much to Kitty's delight, that she should take up her quarters with Miss Bardsley, in order that she might be thoroughly trained in the art and mystery of domestic affairs. Nor was much difficulty experienced in persuading kindly Mrs. Consett to undertake for the other children till such time as they could be launched on the world of their own account, their maintenance during that period being guaranteed by Norwood Hayes.

(To be Continued.)

It is a common mistake to suppose that the only man who is in danger of avariciousness is the rich man. A poor man may be as greedy of his little as a wealthy individual is of his much. A beggar may grasp his dime with as tight a clutch as the millionaire his bunch of stocks. Greed is a thing of the soul, a quality of the inner man. Its measure is not the size of the outward possession, but the spirit of the interior life.—New York 'Observer.'

Tommy and 'Gov'ner.'

(Ernest Gilmore, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Tommy had just been delivering some freshly-ironed clothes at Mrs. Perry's back door when he saw 'Gov'ner' for the first time. He had never been at the Perry's before, consequently did not know that the winding walks were so confusing that he had 'lost his bearings,' so to speak, and was going out of the yard on a different path from the one on which he had entered. Suddenly, as he was swinging the empty clothes basket back and forth he uttered an exclamation of delight. Directly in front of him—as he turned into a winding pathway—stood the nicest goat he had ever seen, harnessed to a pretty waggon.

'Oih!' he cried out; 'oh!'

No one was in sight.

'I wonder whose it is,' he said, talking aloud without being conscious of it.

A man came around from the back of a shed at this moment. He had overheard the boy's remark and now, seeing the radiant fact, smiled grimly.

'You wonder whose it is, do you?' he said. 'Well, I'll tell you whose it was. It belonged to little Gene Perry who died.'

Tommy's face clouded. He felt a great pity for little 'Gene Perry who died.'

'It's too bad he had to die and leave this cunning goat and the pretty waggon,' he remarked. 'I'm sorry.'

The man, smothering a desire to laugh at Tommy's original way of expressing sympathy, came near choking, but rallied sufficiently to say:

'Yes, it is too bad that little Gene had to go and leave us, but so far as "Guv'nor" is concerned, I guess he'll get along all right without him.'

'Who's "Guv'nor"?' questioned the boy.

The man laughed.

'Gov'ner is this goat—dont' you see?' he said.

'Oh, yes, I see. Well, I think Gov'ner is the nicest goat I ever saw.'

'Do you?' asked a sweet voice, and Tommy, turning quickly, at the sound of the voice, saw Mrs. Perry (whom he had met when he delivered the clothes) beside him.

'Yes, ma'am; don't you?'

'I certainly do,' she said, a sad look coming into her eyes; 'and so did my little Gene, who died.'

Mrs. Perry and Tommy were alone, Flint, the man-of-all-work, having gone to the rear of the shed.

'I'm sorry your little boy died,' Tommy said, real pity shining in his blue eyes.

Mrs. Perry's heart went out to him for his ready sympathy.

'You like the goat so well that you can drive him around the grounds if you want to,' she remarked, to his great joy and surprise.

This was the beginning of a new life for Tommy. Flint, at a call from Mrs. Perry, appeared again and, after giving Tommy some instructions, ordered him to jump into the goat carriage and take the lines.

Such a merry ride as that was! After it was over Tommy went home with the clothes basket. It was a very poor home that Tommy went to—just two little bare rooms (with Oh so many things needed!), a hard-working mother and a small crippled brother. But he brought a bit of cheer with him when he told them about 'Gov'ner' and his ride.

He brought more cheer as the days went by. Mrs. Perry, whose interest continued in the boy who had sympathized so readily with her, told him to come every day when he could, which, of course, he did. Then when he expressed a desire to clean and rub 'Gov'ner,' she allowed him to do so, and he did so regularly. When the first week of taking care of 'Guv'ner' was up, Mrs. Perry gave him some money, much to his surprise.

'What's it for?' he asked.

'For taking care of "Gov'ner,"' she said, and smiled.

'I love to do that,' he said. 'I'd do it without pay, you know, but—but——' a thought coming into his head that made his face glow.

'But—but?' Mrs. Perry repeated.

'I'll give it to mother to help along.'

One day there were some specially fine large red apples sent to Mrs. Perry. She gave one to Tommy, who thanked her, but laid the apple aside to take home, and, by close questioning, she found out that it was laid aside for Tommy's little crippled brother Fred. Soon after that Tommy was allowed to take 'Gov'ner' outside of the grounds and bring Fred for an outing in the Perry grounds. Their outing was followed by many more, until little crippled Fred's slender form and happy face were frequently seen by the Perrys and their guests.

As the days passed on Tommy was given many little things to do on the grounds. Sometimes it was weeding, sometimes raking, often sweeping the paths. The little home of two rooms was beginning to bloom. Tommy's small earnings were 'helping along.' The face of the hard-working mother had become less weary and there were often smiles on her face. Fred's little face was no longer sad, for there was something every day to divert him. He saw many delightful things when he went out in the waggon with Tommy and the 'Gov'ner.' He even 'helped' sometimes when he was in the Perry yard, for kind Mrs. Perry had told him so, and gave him bright pennies when he helped Tommy weed. Even when he did not help she often gave him something—once some fine lettuce, once some ripe strawberries, frequently something appetizing for the family table or a delightful toy or picture book that had been dear Gene's.

As for Tommy, as the weeks and months roll by he is steadily earning money, slowly to be sure.

'But,' he assures his mother, hopefully and cheerfully, 'I'll be earning more and more while I'm growing big, and when I am big, you're not going to ever wash any more—not even one piece.'

The mother laughed.

'Won't I be grand!' she said, entering into his spirit. 'Who'd a thought three months ago that things would have come to us as they have?'—looking about the two small rooms thankfully. 'I'm thankful to the Lord for the change, and—and'—smiling at her elder son, 'I'm thankful too, to Tommy and the 'Gov'ner.''

I'LL NEVER STEEL AGAIN.

I want to tell you how some of the children are treated in the cities where many do not have nice homes and lots of good things to eat. I saw some children in Philadelphia that often are hungry because the parents drink beer and whiskey. The parents often treat the children cruelly, simply because the parents are not Christians.

I will tell you a true story: 'A certain man in a large city got into the room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself up through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light, but that which came through a knot-hole and the cracks in the place. He soon saw a heap of clips and shavings, and a boy about eleven years old lying on it.

'Boy, what are you doing here?'

'Hush! don't tell anybody, sir. Don't tell anybody. I am hiding.'

'What are you hiding from? Where's your mother?'

'Mother is dead.'

'Where's your father?'

'Hush! don't tell him. He is drunk, but look here.'

He turned himself on his face and through the rags of his vest and shirt the man saw that his flesh was bruised and the skin broken.

'Why, my boy, who beat you like that?'

'Father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal.'

'Did you ever steal?'

'Yes, sir, I was a street-thief once.'

'And why don't you steal any more?'

'Please sir, I went to the Mission School and they told me there of God and of heaven, and of Jesus, and they taught me, "Thou shalt not steal," and I'll never steal again if father kills me, but please don't tell him, sir.'

'My boy, you must not stay here; you will die. Now you wait patiently here for a little while, I am going away to see a lady, and we will get a better place than this for you.'

'Thank you, sir, but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?'

Bruised and battered, forlorn and friendless, mother dead, hiding away from an angry father, he had a little hymn to sing.

'Yes, I will hear you sing it.'

He raised himself on his elbow and sang:

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Suffer me to come to thee,
Fain would I to thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place.'

'That's the little hymn, sir, good-bye.'

The gentleman came back in about two hours, but the little boy had fallen asleep in Jesus.

Dear little children, he was a little martyr for the truth he had learned. He will receive his reward when Jesus comes.—'Christian Standard.'

TOADS IN LIVES.

A friend of mine, who has a noble house in Derbyshire, told me that on one occasion there was a total failure of the water-supply. The house is supplied with water by a main, which runs under the road in front of the entrance lodge, and they had never been troubled by failure. But on this occasion the supply suddenly stopped, and there was not a drop of water to be had. They went up to the main cistern, and found that the ball cock, and tap were working perfectly. They went through the house, and could not discover, in any part, the cause of their misfortune. Finally, in desperation they took up the joint between the house pipe and the main, and in the joint between the two they found a great toad squatting, imperturbable and stolid. The mystery was how could it possibly have come there. Its size was enough to fill the orifice, and accounted for the blocking of the water; but its history seemed impenetrable. Finally, a workman who was well acquainted with the district said that it was not the only case of the sort with which he had been familiar, and that in two or three instances a similar obstacle to the supply of water had been discovered. He said that almost certainly the toad had come in as a tadpole, had become fixed in this joint, had lived there by feeding on the nutriment which the water supplied, until it had become large enough to choke the pipe.

The moral of my story is obvious, and I have often used it as an illustration of the way in which some little thing may creep into a man's or a woman's life, insignificant as a tadpole, so tiny as to be hardly worth serious notice; but, as the weeks and months grow into years, it increases until it becomes so considerable that the whole flow of God's grace and life are blocked, and for some reason, which the dearest friend may not be able to explain, the spiritual vitality of some promising soul is suddenly arrested.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

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Any reader of this advertisement may earn any one of the following premiums by selling the required number of 'Canadian Pictorials' at ten cents a copy, and sending us the proceeds.

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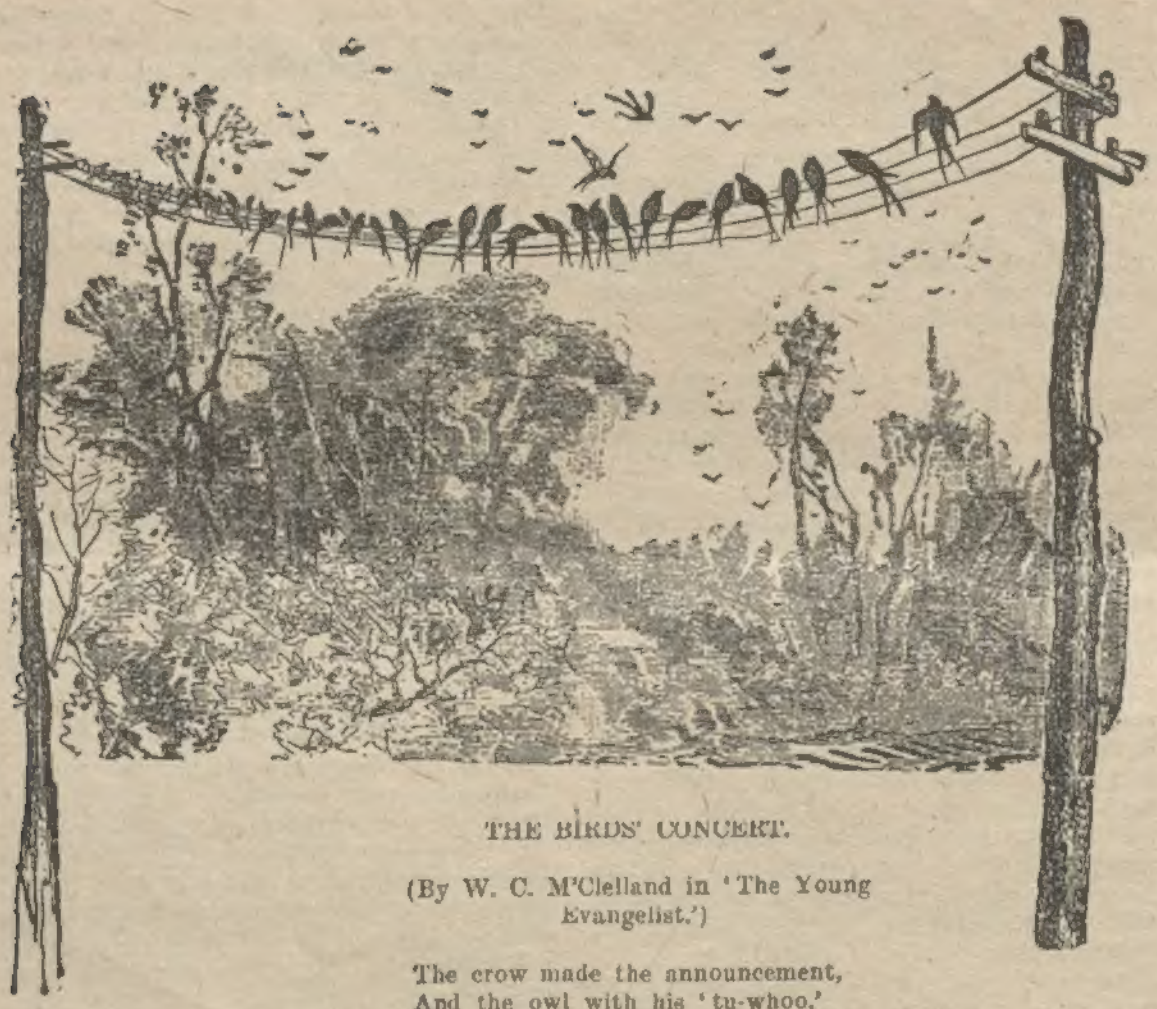


THE BIRDS' CONCERT.

(By W. C. M'Clelland in 'The Young Evangelist.')

The crow made the announcement,
And the owl with his 'tu-whoo,'
That the birds should come
At the pheasant's drum,
And the woodpecker's 'tat-tattoo,'
His echoing, loud tattoo.

From the four winds of heaven,
As the summoning notes rang clear,
They flew to a wood
Where a great oak stood,
And a tit-mouse whistled, 'Here, here!'
Whistled and shouted, 'Here!'

The blue bird sang full soft and low,
And trembled with delight,
And one bird shouted,
'Whip-poor-will!'
And another called 'Bob White;'
'T was the partridge called 'Bob White.'

The robin sang with all his might,
But the jay-bird shrieked his jeers;
Said the sea-mew,
'This will not do,'
But the red bird said, 'Three cheers, three cheers!'
But the red bird said, 'Three cheers!'

The thrush sang a hymn so tenderly
That it thrilled the listening skies;
Hear the judges now
From every bough;
'Give the bonny brown thrush the prize,
Give the bonny brown thrush the prize!'

THE SNAKE THAT CAME TO LIFE.

Mother entered the room just in time to hear Jack say to Dolly: 'Look out, a great big black bear may rush from behind the door!'

'Jack,' said mother, 'never let me hear you say such a thing again to your sister In the first place, it is not true; and in the second, it's very unmanly to frighten a little girl. You put me in mind of something that happened years and years ago when I was your age, and went to school way off in a little country town.'

Dolly and Jack left off their play immediately, for mother was a famous story teller.

'In this town,' began mother, 'there lived two boys named Durant, who were little terrors, and always in some kind of mischief. They didn't really mean to be naughty, but they were; and they gave everybody lots of trouble. Well, one Spring a new boy moved to town. His name was William Snade, and he at once became a special object of derision to the Durant boys; for he had beautiful yellow curls, which his mother refused to have cut off, though he was quite a big boy. The Durants had their heads shaved; of course Willie himself hated those curls.

'Most of us school children used to tease him, but nobody was so bad as the Durants, and they were awful. They called him Millie instead of Willie, and said he was a coward, and altogether were so hateful that Willie's life was anything but pleasant. He did look like a little girl and wasn't much of a fighter, for he never answered back; but he had a deal of pluck, as you will see before I finish my story.

'One day the Durant boys told the rest of us that they had a fine joke to play on Miss Millie. They said they were going to kill a snake, and put it on a stump somewhere and then tell Willie it was a very poisonous beast, and dare him to kill it.

'So that afternoon all we naughty little children gathered together for a snake hunt through the woods, and finally we found a copperhead, which the boys killed. Now, a copperhead, you know, is perhaps one of the most poisonous snakes, and the bite is almost always fatal.

'This snake the boys coiled up on a stump; they stuck his head up in a most lifelike attitude, and then we all went home and forgot all about it.

'The next day at noon the boys proposed a walk through the woods, and to Willie's delight asked him to come along. We soon reached the place where the snake was, and suddenly Ned Durant called out: "Good gracious, there's a big snake coiled up on that stump!"

'Willie jumped as if he had been shot, and said, "Where?" rather faintly.

'"Right in front of you," answered Ned. "I dare you to kill him. Here's a stick."

'Willie hesitated, and somebody cried "Coward!"

'"I'm not a coward!" exclaimed Willie, his face turning scarlet with wrath. "Here, give me the old stick. I'll kill him. He's only a harmless thing, anyway, even though he is big." Willie didn't know much about snakes, and probably couldn't have told an anaconda from a garter snake, or he never would have made such a foolish remark.

'He approached the enemy with a brave step and brought the stick down hard. In an instant something very strange happened.

'The stump seemed covered with a writhing mass, and quick as lightning a long neck lifted itself and struck at Willie with its forked tongue. He screamed and turned to run. Ned Durant was the first to get his wits back, for the rest of us stood and gaped at the unusual spectacle of seeing a dead snake apparently come to life. "Quick!" cried Ned, seizing Willie by the arm, "run for your life to the doctor. You've been bitten by a copperhead, and it's deadly poison." Another boy grabbed Willie's other arm, and they reached the doctor in a few minutes. Fortunately the doctor was in; and he worked over Willie for hours; the boy did not whimper through all the pain.

'I think that the Durant boys never played a practical joke again as long as they lived, for they were thoroughly frightened; and after it was all over, they couldn't be nice enough to Willie Snade, for they were always thinking that they might not have had the chance to "make up."

'What really happened was this. The dead snake's mate had come to look for him, as they are often known to do, and had so coiled itself upon the stump that we, thinking only of the dead snake we had left there, hadn't noticed the live one.

'So,' concluded mother, smiling, 'let us remember not to taunt others; for others may be braver than we ourselves, are, when the critical moment comes.'—Washington 'Star.'

A MOTHER-MADE MAN.

At a large public meeting one of the most distinguished of America's public men was introduced as a 'self-made man.' Instead of appearing gratified at the tribute, it seemed to throw him for a minute into a 'brown study.' Afterwards he was asked the reason for the way in which he received the announcement.

'Well,' said the great man, 'it set me to thinking that I was not really a self-made man.'

'Why,' they replied, 'did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten?'

'Yes,' said he, 'but it was because my mother thought I ought early to have the educating touch of business.'

'But then,' they urged, 'you were always such a great reader, devouring books when a boy.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but it was because my mother led me to do it, and at her knee she had me give an account of the book after I had read it. I don't know about being a self-made man.'

'But then,' they urged, 'your integrity was your own.'

'Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck, and, after the manner of some store-keepers, I put the imperfect ones at the bottom and the best ones at the top. My mother called me and asked me what I was doing. I told her and she said: "Tom, if you do that you will be a cheat." I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness.'—Selected.

SOMEBODY FORGETS.

A little boy, living in the most poverty-stricken section of a great city, found his way into the mission school and became a Christian. One day, not long after, some one tried to shake the child's faith by asking him some puzzling questions.

'If God really loves you, why doesn't He take better care of you? Why doesn't He tell somebody to send a pair of shoes or else coat enough so that you can keep warm this winter?'

The boy thought a moment, and then said, as the tears rushed to his eyes: 'I guess He does tell somebody, and somebody forgets.'

The saddest thing about the answer is its truth. God is not unmindful of His little ones. He calls us to supply the things that are needed. He tells us that every act of kindness or helpfulness done to the least or lowest of His creatures He will count as done to Him.

But not all of His purposes are carried out; often because we choose our own pleasure rather than His will; often because somebody forgets.—'Cottager and Artizan.'

Temperance

SAVE YOUR PENNIES.

(By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer.)

Save your pennies, boys, you'll need them
  In your business by and by.
Leave extravagance beneath you
  As you climb life's ladder high.

Money grows. Whene'er you have it,
  Plant it nicely in a bank,
When you find how it increases,
  Friendly counsel you will thank.

With the mossy growth of interest
  You can do some generous things;
And the good deeds will uplift you
  'Till your souls are touched with wings.

Stoop to naught that makes you poorer.
  Shun the wily cigarette ;
And tobacco's train that follows
  You'll rejoice you never met.

There are highways broad to evil
  Through the mists of smoke and drink;
But the clear road is the best road,
  Always plan to stop and think;

Then go on with glad endeavor,
  Counting gains of strength each day;
Knowing only in God's sunshine
  You can make life's travel pay.

'PROHIBIT THEM RATS.'

Economics of the Rodent Question Applied to Saloons and Taxes in a Way That Astounds an Old Party Farmer.

(The Rev. Oliver Henshul, in the 'New Voice.')

'How do you do, Mr. Wintergras? How did your wheat turn out?'

'Oh, good morning, Mr. Hayman; my wheat is very good, in fact all my crops are good except the oats; they are a little light. How are yours?'

'They was good, too, but I declare if the rats ain't eaten 'em all up, or destroyin' and carryin' away what they can't eat; and I'm feared the pesky varmints won't leave anything worth takin' to market by the time I can get it off.'

'Why don't you get rid of them? I don't have any rats around me; I catch or poison the first one that dares to come around and don't give them any chance to increase.'

'Well, now, that's jist what John says. You know my John's been off to the 'cademy, to New Madden, and he is purty smart, John is, and he says, says he, "Dad," says he, "The way to treat rats is jist like I'd like to treat saloons, prohibit them. You see he's got to be a Prohibitionist, John has, sense he's bin to the 'cademy, and he's got an idee in his head that the way to get red of anything you don't want is jist to prohibit it. I don't like that idee of John's, tho' I 'low John's purty smart, but I hain't got no use for Prohibition nohow; it's agin personal liberty.'

'Well, I'd prohibit rats well enough, every time, but I don't see what that has to do with saloons; they belong to men; they are not like rats that belong to no one and have no rights. Drink has always been sold and you can't help it. The only way to do is to regulate it and make it pay for part of the damage it does by high license.'

'Now, that's jist the way I tell John; only I ain't much on high license. But I says to him, says I, "John, there's allys bin rats, and you can't help it. Prohibition won't prohibit, says I. "All you can do is to regelate 'em and kind o' keep 'em down so hey don't go too fur," says I, "and then make 'em pay fur part of the damage. Says I, 'Don't let 'em have too many holes or make too many nests. Let 'em have jist enough to meet their demands and keep 'em in limits." Then I says, "You can stop their holes up on Sundays and 'lection days, 'cause we don't want to be bothered with 'em them days. Then we kin ketch some of 'em, skin 'em, and sell their skins. You see I kin git two cents a piece for their skins, and when you git a lot of 'em it counts up."

'Nonsense, Jim, what does a few cents amount to when they ruin your whole crop; you can't make rats pay for their living, say nothing about all the damage they do beside. They will overrun everything and ruin you if you don't git rid of them.'

'Now, that's jist what John said 'bout saloons. He says, "You can't make saloons pay fur their keepin'." He says, "All the money they pay fur their license has to come out of the people, anyhow, and all the profit they make to live on beside." And he says, "The people had better pay their money right out for schools and sich, and save the keepin' of the saloonkeeper and his family." And then he says, "The people have to pay all the expense of crime and pauperism beside." And I know that is a mighty big expense fur our county, for I've bin to the court and seen the jail and poorhouse, and it must cost a mighty big lot to keep all them fellers a year.'

'That is all true enough, and I hate the saloons, I just hate them. They are a thousand times worse than all the rats in the whole country. They depreciate property, they are the cause of a large part of our taxes, and that is not the worst; they demoralize society, they ruin homes, they destroy men, bodies and souls. I am as good a Prohibitionist as any one, but I don't believe in voting the Prohibition ticket. I believe as I said, we must put on them as much license as they can stand, and so get as much out of them as we can. In fact we could not run the government without the revenue from the liquor traffic.'

'That's just what I tell John about rats I says to him, says I, "We can't prohibit rats; all we can do is to jist regelate 'em and git what we can out of 'em.' Why, last year I sold more'n a hundred rat skins and that was enough to buy a reader and spellin' book for Molly, and a reader and 'rithmetic and grammar fur John. You see, I couldn't edecate my family if it wasn't for the pesky rats.'

'Now, see here, Jim. How much grain can a rat destroy in a year?'

'I don't know, I'm sure, but I know the lot of 'em together destroy more'n half my crop.'

'Yes, and one rat can eat and carry off and destroy a bushel in a year, easy enough, can't he?'

'Yes, and much more, I think.'.'

'Well, and you killed more than a hundred, and I suppose you didn't get half of them. I suppose there may be 200 left?'

'I should think there is nearer a thousand of 'em.'

'Well, say only 200, and half those you killed, on the average, had their living during the year; say 250 rats at a bushel a year, averaging 60 cents a bushel; that is $250. That would have bought all your books and paid your taxes and clothed your whole family. For every dollar you got from the rats you gave them $75 worth of grain.'

'Well, I do declare, I am dumbfounded. Who would have thought of it? I can't git it all through my head yet, but if you say it's so, I suppose it is so. I ain't good at calculatin' anyhow. But then it's curious agin that's jist the way John figured about the saloons. It's mighty strange how your talk about rats souns jist 'zactly like John talks about saloons every time, I'm stump't to 'tain't. I told John we couldn't run the government without the whisky tax; and we couldn't have no schools without the saloon's license to pay for 'em. But John says the Professor at the 'cademy said that for every dollar we get out of the saloons we have to pay $15 tax; and he figured it all out, too, jist like you did about the rats. I don't know nothin' about it, coz I ain't good on figuring, but that's what John said, and I guess the Professor knows coz he is a mighty larned man, the Professor is. It's mighty hard to pay tax anyhow, and I jist thought if I have to pay tax at the rate of $15 for every dollar that comes from the liquor business, it's mighty hard on us taxpayers. Seems to me that sort o' payin' tax don't pay.'

'That's so Jim. It alaways makes me mad to pay tax, anyway for I know its always more than it ought to be. I must study up this thing, and if that Profeseor is right we ought to prohibit saloons sure as you ought to prohibit rats; especially as they are much worse than rats. And come to think of it I most think he is right, for you know, Jim, we had five murder cases at the last court, beside all the other cases that came from the saloons; and they cost the country a great many thousand dollars. May be the Prohibitionist's prohibition is different from the old kind, when they have a party behind it We'll have to think about that, Jim.'

'I ain't no Prohibitionist nohow, but if you can prohibit rats, I can, and if the Prohibitionists can reduce taxes and stop saloons and save John from the danger of them, and keep Molly from the danger of bein' a drunkard's wife I'll help um. But I must go, or I'll never get to town. Good buy, Dan.'

'I believe you are right, Jim, good bye Call again when you pass.'

BANDS OF HOPE.

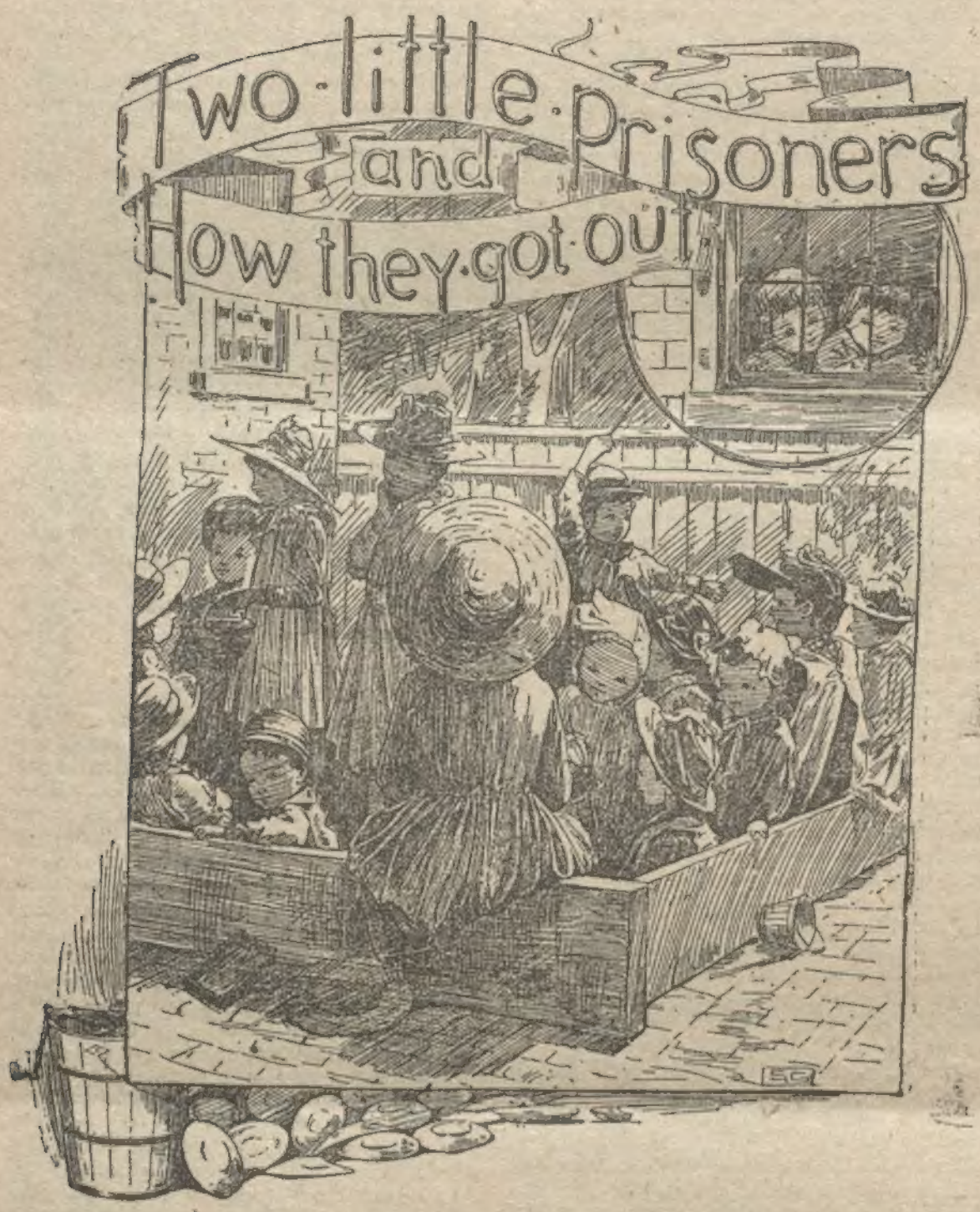
The Marquis of Northampton says: I was asked the other day whether I could account in any way for the diminution of the National Drink Bill. My answer was, 'Don't let us say too much about it. Let us go on diminishing it, for it ought to be diminished far more.' But I was pressed for an answer. They said: 'You have been working for some years amongst those who have been doing their best for temperance. Do you believe that it is the temperance workers who have made this difference?' I said: 'I believe it is because Christianity in its purest sense has been preached more during the last twenty years than ever before; it is because the temperance workers are, above all things, Christian that they have been able to have an effect upon the people of this country, and therefore we have had the diminution of our Drink Bill.' It is a splendid thing that we have our Bands of Hope, that our children may be brought up to understand the great moral advantage, and, above all things, the spiritual advantage of belonging to those Bands of Hope, and to Temperance Societies after they have grown up. But much as I recognize the great work being done by all our temperance workers, I believe that the teaching of Christianity will have more effect than anything else in preventing that dread sin of intemperance from disgracing our country.—'In His Name.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

NOTES AND NOTICES.

21,000 Farm Laborers Wanted to Harvest Crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. —It is estimated that at least 21,000 farm laborers will be required this season to harvest the crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Although somewhat later than usual, the harvest promises to be a banner one. The Canadian Pacific Railway is organizing a monster excursion from points in the Province of Quebec, to take care of the large numbers who will take advantage of the exceptionally low rate of $12.00. This rate will apply on September 12th only. Full particulars of the excursion can be obtained from the nearest railway ticket agent or on application to Mr. E. J. Hebert, General Agent, Passenger Department C. P. R., Windsor station Montreal.



A Party of Seventeen.

(Fannie H. Gallagher, in The 'Little One's Annual.')

A hot day in July—'hotter than pepper.' Aunt Joan's two boys, John and Jimmie, were prisoners from eleven till four in two upper rooms of their boarding-house.

A saucer of cracked ice, story-books, and games helped to make the long hours pass till the clock should strike four. Then mamma always took them out for a drive or a walk.

Neighbors next door, moving out, have left a great case of shelves which lies on its back on the brick pavement below.

A short pull at the door bell, then another and another were heard. Nora tapped at the prison door, and the sound of many voices came stealing up the stairway.

'It's the party, ma'am; they were to come at four, they said, and it's just strikin' now. Where shall I put 'em, and what shall I say?'

'Oh, it's our party!' cried the two boys at once. John, jumping with delight, explained still further: 'You promised we might have a party sometime, and to-day's "sometime," isn't it? We just invited 'em, Jimmie and I, when we were out walking with Nora this morning. We asked all we saw, and told 'em to bring the rest. Now, mamma, can't we have cake and ice-cream for supper?'

Aunt Joan hurried down to meet her unexpected guests, while Nora buttoned the boys into fresh waists. 'There's ten and a' half o' ten,' counted John.

'Aren't you glad we're come?' cried Carrie Howe, the leader of the band. 'I was just tickled when I got my invitation, only I couldn't bring any of the Joneses, for they've all got the measles, nor the Smarts, for their clean clothes hadn't come home from the wash!'

Giving thanks that the Jones family, likewise the Smart family had been unable to accept, Aunt Joan led her column to the pavement, for yard there was none. The old shelves were in the shade, and the children appropriated them in a twinkling.

Now the queer old frame became a boat, and its crew were tossed up and down on the waves. Then it was a church, and Billy Bone preached a sermon on the text 'Grin and bear it!' Then it was a circus, and John's joy was full when Carrie Howe chose him for the monkey. 'Jimmie and the twins with white caps on shall be the happy family. If I catch any of you quarrelling before the audience, you won't be happy long.'

'Now we'll vote for the flower we love best,' cried the tireless manager when the animals, suddenly grown wild, had broken out of their cages. 'All you "daisy" girls, go up on the front seat; the hollyhocks next—I'm a hollyhock! The dandelions there—I wouldn't be a dandelion! Lilies over there, Johnny-jumps behind! Sit still, all of you, while I count!'

Such a good time as they had for an hour and a half. No one even thought of supper.

No one? I forgot Aunt Joan—she thought of nothing else. The mistress of the boarding-house could not be expected to supply supper for fifteen extra people at such short notice. What should she do?

However, she found a way out of the trouble. Nora appeared with a tray on which seventeen tiny boxes of ice-cream stood up or tumbled over each other. Aunt Joan folfowed with a great basket of rolls and cakes. Dear, dear! how wild the children were! When Carrie Howe called out that Nora had forgotten the spoons, the 'happy family,' the 'monkey,' and Billy Bone, the preacher, rolled off on the pavement, forgetting all about their party clothes.

Seventeen children went to bed that night very tired. Seventeen children also went to bed that night very happy.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Scarecrow's Pocket

By Hilda Richmond.

'O grandma! There's a tramp right in the middle of the garden and he just looks dreadful!' cried Edgar the first morning of his stay in the country. 'Please let me chase him out with Rover.'

'That isn't a tramp, dearie,' exclaimed grandma. 'That is a scarecrow to keep the birds out of the cherry trees. They are so greedy.'

'He waived his hand at me. I saw him,' said Edgar, stoutly. 'I think it must be a real man.'

'After breakfast you may go out and see,' said grandma. 'You will find it is an old coat stuffed with straw and an old hat pulled down over his straw head. Perhaps the sleeve did blow in the wind, for that will scare the birds. Sometimes people stuff the sleeves and sometimes they let them blow in the breeze.'

Edgar made a very long meal that morning. He did not like to say that he was afraid, but he didn't like the idea of going up to the ugly man in the garden. Of course grandma must know, but maybe in the night a tramp had taken the clothes of the scarecrow and wanted to play a joke on everybody. Edgar did not like even to think of tramps.

'I am glad to see you hungry this morning, Edgar,' said his grandma. 'So many times little boys from the city cannot eat as we like to have them. I thought you might be in a hurry to examine the man in the garden, but he will wait. He has been standing there for three weeks and isn't tired yet.'

But at last Edgar could eat nothing more, and he thought he must go to the garden. But first he put on his reefer and his hat. 'If I'm dressed like a man,' he thought, 'perhaps that tramp won't hurt me.' The cherries on the trees were juicy and red, but right by the last tree stood the slouchy man waving his arms as if very angry at somebody or something.

'I guess I'll take Rover with me,' he thought as he opened the garden gate. 'If it is a tramp he'll chase him away in a little while.'

Just then the side of the scarecrow's coat shook and Edgar was sure a tramp had taken the place of the sticks. The wind could not make that much disturbance, for the sleeves suddenly hung limp and the breeze seemed to have gone away. 'It is a man,' said Edgar with wide-open eyes, but grandma was watching from the window and the hired man on the porch, so he had to go on.

When he was nearly in front of the scarecrow a mother bird flew out of his pocket and five wide mouths were opened for food. 'Grandma! John! Mamma! Come here!' screamed Edgar. 'You can't fool the birds. An old bird has made her nest right in the scarecrow's pocket.'

And sure enough, the mother bird was raising her family under the big cherry tree where it would be handy to feed the little ones on nice ripe fruit. Edgar was never afraid of straw men after that, no matter how much they might look like live ones.—'Our Little Ones.'

Digging for Her Friends

We find in one of our exchanges the story of a little Japanese girl who had learned from American teachers about the people of the land from which they came, and she wished very much to see them. Here is the story as told by Miss Dorsey:

'Little Haru Kijima (Spring Tree Island) is only eight years old, but she attends the government school in Japan, and recently began a study of geography. One afternoon she ran home from school exclaiming: "Oh, Testsusaburo, I have something to tell you! America is down below us, and the feet of the people over there are pointing up toward our feet!" "I guess not," said her brother carelessly. "Yes, our teacher told us so in the geography class to-day. I do wish I could see those people walking on their heads." "Well," said Testsusaburo laughingly, "if you dig down far enough into the earth, you can see them." Haru sat in deep study for a long time, and the rest of the family forgot all about her anxiety to see the country where her "big sister's teacher came from."

'Saturday afternoon she was missing, and all efforts to find her proved futile; but when supper was announced a very red-faced, dirty-handed little girl presented herself at the table. "Where have you been all the afternoon?" was asked by everyone at once. There was no reply. The question was repeated several times, but not even a monosyllable was given in answer. "Tell your mother where you were!" thundered her father impatiently. A shower of tears was her only response. After a few moments she managed to say in a very husky voice, "I was out by the back alley digging so I could see the Americans, and though I dug a long, long time and am so tired, I never saw even one foot!" and she began to sob again. It took several lessons to give this ambitious little girl a true estimate of the size of the earth.'—Child's Hour.

A Penny and a Prayer

'Was that your penny on the table, Susie?' asked grandmother, as the children came from Sunday-school. 'I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it.'

'Oh, no, grandmother; mine went into the box safely.'

'Did you drop anything in with it?' asked grandmother.

'Why, no, grandmother,' said Susie, looking surprised; 'I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk.'

'Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?'

'No, grandmother.'

'Do you care?'

'Oh, indeed, I do; a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere.'

'Well, then, every Sunday, when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in, too, that your penny may be blessed in its work, and do good service for God? Don't you think that if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out—some across the ocean, some away off among the Indians!'

'I never thought of that, grandmother. The prayer would do as much good as the penny if it were a real, true prayer, wouldn't it? I am going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again.'

—S. S. 'Messenger.'

I Will and I Won't

When some one asks a favour kind,
Be sure to say, 'I will, I will;'
And if your tasks are hard you find,
Be sure to say, 'I will, I will.'
But when some one bids you wrong to do,
Be sure to say, 'I won't, I won't.'
When some one bids you not be true,
Be sure to say, 'I won't, I won't.'

—Selected.

Correspondence

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Summer holidays will soon be over, and most of the boys and girls will have to go back to school. I am attending the High School here and have two more years.

The summer has been very dry, and as a result growth has not been good. Haying is finished, many have wheat in and part of barley. The oats are short.

I have spent most of my holidays tending my garden. I have between thirty and forty different kinds of flowers in it, and twelve kinds of vegetables. I also have a lot of house flowers. I have a Spotted Leaf Begonia ever three feet high. It is very pretty now and is commencing to flower.

The nearest town although rather small, is a beautiful and enterprising place.

The Intermediate Football team won the W. F.A. championship this summer and are playing for the Ontario Cup. The Bowling team also did good work at London. The business part of town is well built, mostly brick, and there are many fine residences. The streets are shaded on either side by Maple trees and some poplars. The river divides part of residential part from the rest but that is not inconvenient.

Have any of the readers had the pleasure of eating green apples yet? Our Astrachans are ripening now but just one or so manages to be ripe a day.

When I was away for my summer holidays I found a snapdragon which was yellow. The flower was small about 3-4 inch long. If the Editor or any of the readers could give me the botanical name I should be much obliged.

[From the description given I should fancy that the flower you mean is a common wild-flower in most parts of Canada. It is locally known by various names, butter-and-eggs, rabbits' mouth, etc., and has a pleasant scent. Botanically it is known as belonging to the genus Antirrhinum, but I am not sure of the name of its special branch of the family. Perhaps as you say some of the other readers can help you.—Ed.]

Dear Editor,—I will be sixteen years old in March. For pets we have nine goslings and eight turkeys. We have a colt, her name is Lulu, she is three years old this summer. And we have another horse called Edd. My father is a farmer and works on a large farm. I go to school nearly every day when there is any, but we have holidays now and I have to get ready for haying. I like to go to school for we have a nice teacher.

L. M. STEVENS.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and two brothers. I am writing with my brother's fountain pen and it writes well. I have my sister's ring on now and I think it is nice. I lost my own. My brother and I went away with my father and mother last summer and I saw my people and I had heaps of fun. The first of September we are going to the Northwest and I am glad. It is vacation now and I have to pick berries for mother. We pick raspberries and I love picking them. I have one old cat and one little kitten. They can play ball and I love them. Good-bye.

From a little girl eight years old.

MAY HADLEY.

Dear Editor,—I live in a little village. We used to live in Halifax county before we moved down here. We like it much better here than where we used to live. We are quite near the railway track and often go for train rides. In summer the people fish trout, and dig oysters; the oysters are very nice, and Mr. Editor, if you ever come to C. B., be sure to call and see us and we will make you an oyster stew.

OLIVE ROBSON.

[Thanks for the invitation, Olive, it makes a body feel quite hungry.—Ed.]

F. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Papa is a farmer and he has got a lot of vegetables and they are looking fine. The potatoes will soon be ready to dig. I go to school and I am nine years old. Papa has a nice flock of hens and chickens and sometimes he gets thirty eggs a day. My aunt Annie takes the 'Messenger' for me and I like it. I like to feed the chickens and hens. I have a grandmother and she is eighty-one years old.

DOROTHEA W. LYONS.

R. Man.

Dear Editor,—I like going to school but I can't go. I like reading and I do not see how some people can get along without it. I like Ralph Connor's books, and I think 'The Prospector,' is the best, although I have not yet read 'The Doctor.'

I was given a small rifle on Christmas and I like shooting very much. I have shot a hawk. The rabbits were very thick, but the snow is so deep it was hard hunting them last winter. Our house is situated in an oak-bluff. The wolves were very thick this year. They came in packs and howled in front of our house on the road; of course, they are only scrub wolves and wouldn't hurt anybody. I have been sick off and on for about two years, so I am going out to Banff for the summer.

J. A. McC.

[Your riddle was asked before, John. Your drawing was very good.]

B. P. QUE.

Dear Editor,—I live in a town near lake Champlain. I have two pets, a cat and a horse. My cat is grey, and she is a great hunter. Once when I was out in the field playing with her I thought I was helping her to find a mouse when I put my finger in a bumble-bee's nest. I was not more than seven then, and I think you could have heard me scream a long way off. I had a ring on my finger and I couldn't get it off until the swelling went down somewhat.

GLADYS JONES.

B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have a colt and call him Earl Grey. This is a very pretty place in summer, and many people come to fish in the Oromocto Lake. There is fine skating and coasting here in winter, and some nights a good many people make a fire on the ice. We have an old cat named Pompey, he is fifteen years old. The next time I write I will put in a joke about 'The Fox and the Goose' which I made up myself. The ones who draw pictures in the 'Messenger' are 'very' good at it, and most of the time they draw according to the season or whatever it is. I like to draw and I will send a picture sometime. I will send a riddle now.

What is the weight of the moon?

JANIE L. LIBBEY (age 11).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Pansies.' Victoria Wilson, M.F., Ont.
2. 'Rose.' Saida Wright (aged 11), H., Ont.
3. 'House.' Lily Hetherington (aged 9), C., N.B.
4. 'Easter Lily.' Loudie W. (aged 12), Milton, N.S.
5. 'Strawberries.' Cora Douglas, M.F., Ont.
6. 'House.' Cecil Miller (aged 9), K., Ont.
7. 'A Head.' Clare Nutter (aged 15), S., P. Que.
8. 'My Dog.' Mabel Wray (aged 10), H., Ont.
9. 'Prince.' Robert C. Farmer, S., Ont.
10. 'Miss Mischief.' Gladys Baldwin, H., Ont.
11. 'Clock.' Olive Mabel Burdette (aged 12), H., Sask.
12. 'Pony.' Lela S. Acorn (aged 12), M.V., P.E.I.
13. A Little Maid.' Mildred Wright, H., Ont.
14. 'Strathcona Public School.' Hilda Pansey Burhoe (aged 13), A., P.E.I.
15. 'Camping.' Adelia Miner, D.P., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Harriet Ware, B., Ont., is 'a little girl eight years old, just out one year from England.' Glad to hear from you, Harriet.

Here's a nine-year-old young lady, Victoria Wilson, M. F., Ont., who has a niece visiting her. Your riddle has been asked before, Victoria.

Maylinda Hallman, N. D., Ont., sends a story which will go in later.

Marjorie McKenzie, F., Ont., sends several riddles, but all have been asked before.

More riddles that have the misfortune to have been asked before are sent by Emilene Dukes,, U., Ont. Emilene also answers Etta Rielle's riddle (July 26.)—Cat. Glad you like Sunday School, Emilene.

Douglas Trick, U., Ont., also sends a riddle previously asked. Four brothers and five sisters! What splendid times you must have had, Douglas.

Essie Hadley, H., Ont., says 'we are going to Alberta in September; I'm glad we are going away.' We all hope you will like your new home, Essie.

Lela S. Acorn, M. V., P. E. I., answers Etta Riebel's riddle as given above and asks several riddles, most of which have been asked before. This is new to this page—What is a common miracle in Ireland? The places in Canada that Lela would like to visit are Calgary, Halifax, Ottawa and Victoria.

Mary Allen Dorset, F. L., Ont., is a new member of our circle. She sends this riddle: Four and twenty white calves standing in a stall; along comes a red cow and overlicks them all.

Robert C. Farmer, S., Ont., likes the drawings. His own is rather better than he seems to think. Glad to hear of your constancy in affection, Robert.

M. J. D., Dean, N. S., who likes the organ and intends to take music lessons, and Lenora L. Harvey, F. C., P. Que., also send short letters.

HOUSEHOLD.

Two Women.

(Julia Hughes Persing, in the 'Union Signal.')

'Don't talk to me of love and mercy and justice! Why was my boy taken in his purity and innocence, while scores of dissolute young men are left? Explain that, and perhaps I can believe there is equity in the laws of heaven.'

The voice was low and cultured, and a tense, passionate tone vibrated in each word, showing the utter rebellion of a human soul.

The minister rose quietly. He felt the uselessness of more words then. He extended his hand, saying, in a wonderfully gentle tone, 'At least, believe how deep is my sympathy for you in your sorrow, Mrs. Bruce. Good-by.'

She took the proffered hand in silence. There was not a tear in the dumb, suffering eyes.

The minister passed thoughtfully down the oaken staircase. The door to the front parlor was open. A maid was bearing in a massive wreath of flowers. Beyond her he caught a glimpse of the white casket, almost covered with costly floral offerings. Yes, it was oh, so hard. What if it had been his own son, his bright, handsome boy! The bare thought made him shudder. After all, it made a great difference as to whose son it was that lay in there, so still, among the flowers. Was it to be wondered at that Mrs. Bruce's faith, never very strong, should fail her at such a sudden, fearful test?

Through the beautiful burial service on the morrow, Mrs. Bruce's rebellion deepened. Not a tear dimmed the hardness of her eyes, not a sob broke the settled weight on her heart. Her husband and two manly sons were near her, trying to comfort by their living presence. Her eyes sought only the marble face among the flowers, and her heart repeated again and again its rebellious moanings: God was cruel; He was not love; there could be no love in heaven if such things were allowed.

And the minister, glancing round at the beautiful home, with its signs of wealth, culture and refinement, then at the noble father and sons and down at the still beautiful face of perfect cshildhood, felt his heart ache for this family, in its sudden sorrow, and especially for the mother, whose faith was trembling in the balance. He poured out his soul in prayer, pleading for the presence of the God of comfort, of the Saviour, who Himself had suffered and sorrowed. The father and sons wept tears of relief over the soothing consolation of that personal prayer; but the mother sat stern and silent, her eyes dull and tearless.

The spring came in, with its warm sunshine, thawing out the frosts of winter. But nothing seemed to melt the ice around Mrs. Bruce's heart and life. It was for her 'baby lad' that her heart yearned. He had come into her home after years of silence, in which there had been no prattle of baby tongue. Perhaps this was why the mother-heart loved him most, why they all so fondly cherished him. For six brief, happy years he had been their idol. Then, without a moment's warning, he had been snatched from them.

'Had it been his own fault, or the fault of any one of us—but a falling brick! No fault of anyone—simply chance. Why should it have fallen just at that moment. Why need my darling have been in just that particular spot? Why did it all happen?' Over and over again came the poor mother's questionings until they bred a skepticism born of fear and sorrow. There was no reason in it; there was no justice; no overruling God who loved the world. It was all chance—chance.

There came to her room one day one whom she slightly knew; a woman who wore a mask of smiles on her proud face, and a living, eating sorrow in her heart. To-day the mask was thrown aside, and the living sorrow of the one woman's life looked straight and full into the dead sorrow of the other, and surprised and awed, Mrs. Bruce was silent. What strange power was it which made her draw back and tremble at the daring of her proud rebellion?

'Your child might have become what my son is to-day,' at last said the visitor, in a quiet tone.

'O, no; never,' cried Mrs. Bruce, aroused from her apathy. 'My Louis would never have been like your Henry. Look at my other sons,' drawing herself up proudly and haughtily. 'To say my boy might have been like yours is no comfort to me.'

'Nevertheless, it is true. Listen, my friend. I saw your boy once with his fair face and golden curls. But my boy's face was fairer, his curls more wonderfully golden. When I look into his bloated face now and into the bleared eyes that are almost always bloodshot, I wonder that the face could ever have been so fair and soft and smooth, and the eyes so wondrously blue that the sky seemed reflected in them. There is no assurance for you under God's heaven that your fair boy would not have become just such a drunkard as mine, so long as the snares of Satan infest the earth to entrap the unwary feet.

'He was so beautiful a child,' went on the voice, but softer now. 'People used to turn to look at him. I did not know I loved him better than I loved God. One day he fell ill. The doctors said he could not live. Then I was wild and raved. I could not, would not have it so. Finally I prayed, if you could call such selfish pleadings prayer. I begged God to take anything, everything else from me but spare me my boy. And my wish was granted; my boy spared. I have him yet—a living curse—God's punishment to me.

'You point with pride to your two sons,' relentlessly continued the earnest woman. 'Don't do it again. I, too, have a noble son, many years older than this one, and as noble a man as any mother could wish to claim. Don't think that your older sons prove what your youngest might have been, for I tell you solemnly you do not know what he might have become. Looking back over years of shame and sorrow, over such awful anguish as only the mother of a hopeless drunkard can know, I pray you to cease your murmurings. Never again utter a word against God's justice, nor against His mercy and love. Rather, get down on your knees and thank Him that in His wondrous love and mercy He took your darling just when He did; that in your home this night is no hopeless shadow of unending misery; in your ears no raving of a drink-crazed son; on your heart no weight of crushing anguish which nothing, nothing, is ever able to lift or ease.

'O God!' the voice was now broken with sobs, the suffering white face turned upwards, tears streaming down the white, drawn cheeks, and the delicate jewelled hands clasped tightly together. 'O God, if to-night I could bring back the years and kneel once more by my darling's crib, and see again his little life trembling at the threshhold of death, I would plead with all my soul that Thou wouldst take him to Thyself in his purity and loveliness and innocence; that Thou wouldst shelter him safe in heaven, for there is no sure refuge in all this wicked earth. Then I might hope to meet him. Now there is no hope for "no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven."'

Mrs. Bruce bowed her head into her hands and sat silent. In the revelation of this greater sorrow her rebellion frightened her. She heard nothing more, and she knew not when her strange visitor, her mission ended, quietly withdrew and left her alone.

Two hours later the husband, coming home

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from his office, sought his wife's room, as was his habit, to comfort her by his presence. Through the half-open door he saw her kneeling, a strange glow of peace and love on the upturned face, tears glistening in the softened eyes, and the lips moving as though in silent prayer.

Reverently he withdrew, marvelling at the miracle wrought. His presence was not then needed.

Awakening a Taste

A lady of my acquaintance was very anxious for her son to have a taste for good reading, but, unfortunately, he had no taste for any kind of literature.

The mother took the Sunday school paper for boys and would select the most interesting-looking story and read it very carefully. Casually, she would speak of it to some other member of the family in the presence of the boy. When he would ask her to tell more about the story, she would mention where he could find it and then go about her work. Then the boy would hunt up the story and wade arduously through it, for reading was not easy for him.

It was not long, however, until the boy read something in the paper every week and then discussed it with his mother. She would wonder about this character and that, and guess what they would have done if such and such had not happened. She would lead him to catch the essential points in the story and form opinions as to the right or wrong, the wisdom or foolishness, of the conduct of the characters.

As his taste for reading grew, the mother furnished other papers full of interesting matter for boys. Sometimes she read aloud, and sometimes she asked him to read.

In less than two years the boy was a very eager reader and uncommonly quick to get the pith of what he read.—'American Messenger.'

Selected Recipes.

'What to Eat' offers this recipe for a roast-beef dinner. Place in the dripping pan a four-pound roast of beef which has been seasoned and floured. With a piece of fat from the roast or a large spoonful of drippings place in a hot oven, and let the roast sear over. After it has browned, place on one side of the pan the required number of potatoes, prepared in the usual manner, and in the other a pint of lima beans which have been soaked over night and boiled for half an hour. Baste frequently while roasting, add cold water, if necessary, to keep beans and potatoes from burning. When done, the vegetables should be a delicate brown on top. Serve the roast in the centre of the platter, garnished with the potatoes, but serve the beans in a vegetable dish.

A GOOD SAUCE.—The favorite way of serving broiled chops is with maitre d'hotel butter. Stir the juice of half a lemon into a large tablespoonful of butter. Add a teaspoonful of minced parsley and spread over the chops. Broiled pork chops, with maitre d'hotel butter may be appropriately served with a pint of acid apple sauce served in a separate dish. Apple sauce seems to be one of the most agreeable and appropriate accompaniments of broiled or roast pork when a piquant sauce is not used to assist digestion. Broiled pork chops may be served on a puree of peas or on a layer of mashed potato arranged in the centre of the platter. No extra sauce is then necessary except a little maitre d'hotel butter spread over the chops. Pork is an inexpensive and much despised dish, but properly cooked and properly served is not an indigestible meat, but, on the contrary, is a desirable one in cold weather.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

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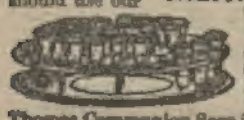

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